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SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1862.

BY E. R. S.

Hail! all hall the day,
The bright, glorious day,
When the banner of Freedom unfurl'da
It was purchased with blood,
And the tail standard stood
As a beacon of light for the world.

CHORUS:
O Freedom—fair Freedom,
Boon of the brave;
Here thy spire risea high,
Like a tower in the sky,
And thy banner forever shall wave.

Praise our noble sires,
Who erected fires
On the altars of justice and peace;
We will cherish the same
Bright and pure holy dame,
And its incease henceforth will increase,
Chonus:—O Freedom, etc.

Chonus:—O Freedom, etc

There's a sad, sad sound
Which "the wires" take round;
And it comes from fair Liberty's home!
Where disunion has spread,
And the fierce warrior's tread
Fills with sorrow the cottage and dome!

SHORUS:-O Freedom, etc.

Here we'll never swerve,
But, as gold, preserve
The just rights which are matu'lly given;
While protection's broad fold
We unflinchingly hold,
As bequeathed by our country and heav'n-

CHORUS: - O Freedom, etc.

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